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WAR ITEMS.

WHAT IS GAINED BY WAR.—The war in Algiers is still waged between the Arabs and the French; and it is a barbarous and sanguinary war. Marshal Vallee informs his government in some of his late despatches, that “all the Kabyles who attempted to oppose his march were slain, their wives and children made prisoners, their crops utterly destroyed, their houses burned to the ground, and all their cattle driven away or butchered on the spot;” leaving the country through which they passed, a sterile wilderness! And this is the boasted civilized system of warfare in the nineteenth century. On the other hand, it is estimated that the French have already lost ten thousand valuable troops in their war with the Arabs in the vicinity of Algiers. They have also expended an almost countless amount of treasure; and all without any beneficial result. The enemy is more exasperated, and as powerful and annoying as ever.

War raged in Europe almost without intermission from the year 1790 to the downfall of Napoleon in 1815. The sacrifice of human life was consequently immense; and tracts of country of miles in extent, were literally inundated with the blood of the slain. These wars increased the public debt of Great Britain to the enormous sum of £800,000,000, and of Austria to nearly 2,000,000,000 florins. Whole countries were desolated and ruined; indeed, a volume would hardly contain the description of the physical sufferings and the moral debasement occasioned by these wars.

All these evils originated in a wish to gratify a morbid ambition, or to revenge some supposed injury or insult to those whose duty it was rather to protect than destroy and oppress the great body of the people. War is the appropriate game for *royalty*; for kings and rulers are almost always the only party benefited. A *free* people should never cherish a “war spirit,” but avoid a war with any power, civilized or uncivilized, as the greatest of misfortunes.

If man were only to use his reason, if he would only allow his benevolent feelings to have full play, he would never stamp his foot on the life of a single fellow-creature,—he would never be the voluntary instrument in cutting short the existence of a brother. And if this be the proper view of the sudden destruction of human life in the case of one individual, what shall we say with reference to the sudden destruction of thousands and tens of thousands of human beings in a few hours, on the field of battle? And what man, who has a spark of philanthropy in his bosom, can approve of measures which must naturally lead to such a result?

BURYING THE DEAD AT SALAMANCA.—“I was present,” says a British officer, “at a ceremony after the battle of Salamanca in 1812, of which no account ever appeared in the Gazette. It was the ceremony of burying the dead. The trapping of ‘the brave’ had afforded a rich harvest for those followers of slaughter who come with the vulture to these fields of the slain. Standing near a huge pit, hastily excavated by the pioneers, I watched the frequent vehicles as they ejected their loads of mortality into the promiscuous sepulchre. The young and the old, the proud and the humble, the fair-skinned

Briton, the olive-tinted Gaul, the browner sons of Tajo and the Po, the athletic spearman of the Vistula, here met, and mingled in the crowded precincts of an unconsecrated tabernacle."

EXPENSE OF HONORS PAID TO WARRIORS.—While you can get from the mass of men scarce a farthing for peace, it is surprising to see with what alacrity they will lavish their thousands and even their millions, not only in the prosecution of war, but in honor of the wholesale butchers of mankind, and call it good sense, patriotism, glory! Just look at two notable cases of recent occurrence. Wellington's success in the work of human butchery was rewarded with \$5 000,000 for six years' services; and the French nation have just been spending in posthumous honors to Napoleon, the very man who is supposed to have destroyed three millions of her sons, a sum probably still greater in money, and time, and suspension of business. Some idea may be gathered from the fact that barely the pall which covered the sarcophagus containing his remains, cost 25,000 francs, and no less than 600,000 were to be given for his monument.

Here is the way to make warriors. Deify these wholesale murderers, these blood-leeches of the world; bestow upon them honors such as neither poetry nor eloquence, neither genius, taste, nor learning, neither wisdom, patriotism, nor piety can secure; and you teach future aspirants after glory to seek it mainly, if not solely in the bloody path of war. And this is just what the world has ever done, and what Christendom itself is doing at this moment.

PUNISHMENT IN THE NAVY.—We learn from the Philadelphia World, that a young man, a marine, attached to the Navy Yard, stayed out of the Yard, a short time since, with his wife, during the night, contrary to the rules of the service. He returned to his duty in the morning; but although this was his first offence, he was punished by order of the officer on duty, with eight lashes on his bare back with the cat.

Nor is this a solitary or very severe case. Most officers would have inflicted five times as many lashes; and inflictions the most severe for offences so trivial as scarcely to deserve reprimand or even notice, are common in all fleets and armies. To such treatment, without protection or remedy, is every one liable who sells himself to the cruel, remorseless trade of human butchery for a livelihood.

RATIO OF SOLDIERS TO POPULATION.—The standing armies of Europe bear a proportion to the population of their respective kingdoms and states as follows:

England,.....	1 soldier to every 140	Poland,	1 soldier to every 60
France,.....	1 " " " 110	Wurttemberg,.....	1 " " " 59
Austria,.....	1 " " " 100	Sweden,.....	1 " " " 53
Russia,.....	1 " " " 90	Denmark,.....	1 " " " 57
Bavaria,.....	1 " " " 69	The Roman States,.....	1 " " " 300
Prussia,.....	1 " " " 68	Tuscany,.....	1 " " " 300

It may be well to add, that the proportion of the United States army to its population is 1 to 1600.

In China, according to the latest and most accurate accounts, the population exceeds 360,000,000, and the army is rated at 700,000, making a ratio of 1 soldier to every 514 persons.

BRITISH LEGION IN SPAIN.—In a recent discussion in the House of Commons it was stated, that of 14,000 men sent to Spain, composing the legion, only 5,100 had returned home; such had been the sufferings of these deluded men by privations, fever, and the sword. The arrears due to the legion from the Spanish government are stated at £200,000; some of the officers have had no pay since June, 1836, and are obliged to follow menial employments to procure their daily bread. The misery which this expedition has inflicted on thousands of their countrymen surely will be a warning to Britain never again to waste human life in political interference in the affairs of Spain and Portugal.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM LADD,
THE APOSTLE OF PEACE, AND FATHER OF THE AM. PEACE SOCIETY.

BY D. PLUMBE.

"Our father and leader, the founder of our Society, and the champion of our cause, the apostle and martyr of peace, has gone to his final reward."—*Eulogy on WM. LADD.*

I.

'Tis not of kings or warriors renowned,
Whose deeds are writ in blood on time's old page;
Nor yet of him whom classic wreaths have crowned,
Whose name has rung with plaudits round the age;
Poets, heroes, scholars, the circle round;
Not these call forth my thoughts, my pen engage:
'Tis not *their* fame I fain would now rehearse—
To LADD I consecrate my humble verse.

II.

I sing of him, the friend of sacred peace,
Whom death has smitten with relentless stroke,
And bid his generous heart its throbbings cease,
To beat no more till from his slumbers woke
By Gabriel's mighty trump, which shall release
The captives of the grave, and death revoke:
Yet shall the faithful page his fame prolong,
And poets sing his praise in deathless song.

III.

Moulded by nature to the law of love,
His pulse beat warmly in its noble shrine;
But when by inspiration from above,
His spirit quickened into love divine,
'Twas then he felt his heart's deep fountain move,
As on time's scroll he traced each bloody line,
And marked the gory track of direful WAR,
And saw vast millions crushed beneath his car.

IV.

The all-devouring sword he fain would sheath,
And teach a jarring world the art of peace;
When learning war no more, each man beneath
His garden vine should find a sweet release